



EDITORIALS BY THE LAITY.

America Refused Valuable Lessons.

By Herbert W. Horwill.



AMERICA started with the incalculable privilege of exemption from the social and political burdens of the old world. She could begin her political and economic structure from the foundations with the history of the civilized world for her guidance. She has rejoiced in her freedom, but has thrown away more than half its value by despising the teaching of the centuries.

In the preface to his book on municipal government in Great Britain Dr. Albert Shaw attributes the defects of American city administration in large measure to the fact that many citizens who desire sincerely to aid in the regeneration of their town life and neighborhood affairs have not learned what in the experience of the world has come to be regarded as a sound constitution or framework of municipal government. Mr. Alleyne Ireland, after a long and careful investigation of tropical colonies under several flags, has criticized in the strongest terms the failure of the American government in the

Philippines to take into account "the broad established facts as to colonial administration. This ignorance of the history of the subject has involved a grasping about for satisfactory solutions of the most elementary problems of administration, which have finally been solved, after great waste of time and energy, along lines already laid down by other nations."

In literature the ambition to lift oneself up by one's own bootstraps is not so general, but there is increasing evidence of it, especially in the west. The theory has been most vehemently expounded by the late Frank Norris.

Books, forsooth, have no place in the novelist's equipment; they will only cumber and confuse him. The American writer should cultivate his own vine instead of gathering "the sodden lees of an ancient crushing."

Some of the keener sighted of American leaders are not blind to the wastefulness of this insistence on practicing over again what has been sufficiently tested already. The world's memory, says Dr. Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton university, "must be kept alive, or we shall never see an end of its old mistakes. We are in danger to lose our identity and become infantile in every generation. That is

the real menace under which we cower everywhere in this age of change."

The peril against which Dr. Woodrow Wilson uttered his warning becomes more acute every year in proportion as the conditions of American life grow more complex. It is an instructive study to read the social contrasts noted by Nathaniel Hawthorne fifty years ago between the England and the America of his time and to observe how few of these differences remain.

The contempt of outside experience is taking its revenge upon those who were confident they could fare prosperously without paying heed to the lessons of the past. Sometimes one may compare the results to the labors of the villager in one of Mr. Baring-Gould's stories, who spent his spare time for many years in the preparation of a concordance to the bible, quite unaware that he had been anticipated by Alexander Cruden.

That is the kind of risk to which a man is exposed when he is satisfied to go ahead as soon as he has got his idea without stopping to ascertain whether the same happy thought has visited any one else before him.

It is this characteristic that has led many observers to a conclu-

sion exactly opposite the truth, the conclusion—namely: that America is an imitative nation. They find American writers on politics, sociology, or education recommending schemes which already are a commonplace in other countries, and they accordingly infer that these suggestions are a conscious tribute to foreign example.

In many instances, however, the real explanation is that the mind of an American thinker has been independently at work on the problem, entirely unaided by the history of previous successes and failures. In his effort to be dazzlingly novel the American too often overlooks Lowell's caution that "originality consists quite as much in the power of using to purpose what it finds ready to hand, as in that of producing what is absolutely new." He thus becomes, to borrow a distinction made by Mr. W. D. Howells, so original as to be almost aboriginal. He forgets that the real advantages of being untrammelled by the past is largely forfeited when one is content to remain untrammelled by it also.



Alcohol and Corset Ravage Race.

By Marcel Prevost



THE two greatest afflictions of the present day humanity are alcohol and the corset. The first of these plagues claims most of its victims among men. The second among women. Combined, the two are largely responsible for the various nervous disorders, mental diseases, and degeneracy with which the human being is afflicted.

Both of these afflictions have one characteristic in common. They are not necessary nor indispensable. Their charm is purely artificial and acquired. Greed is inherent to a larger or smaller extent in men. All children show signs of greediness. But all children show an aversion for alcohol. The taste for

strong drinks is not inherent, not innate in them. Let the lips of a child touch alcohol and they will perform all kinds of distortions and grimaces. Even after one sweetens it the child is not eager to take the liquid.

Remove alcohol, take it out of the reach of people, and humanity will not have lost a single pleasure. Civilized man will not miss it any more than he misses opium. The moments of enjoyment which

alcoholic drinks apparently bring to man are short. The consequences which they leave behind them, on the other hand, are long and not infrequently lasting.

By treating a young man to a glass of this "fire water," one is giving him a ticket, a pass, as it were, to tuberculosis, paralysis, and numerous other sicknesses and afflictions which are induced by alcoholic drinks.

As for the state, in spite of the high revenues which it receives from the sale of alcoholic drinks, it is a loser rather than a gainer. Millions of human beings are made unhappy by it annually. Millions of their children suffer and thousands upon thousands of criminals and maniacs are made. A German statistician has figured out that one alcoholic costs the state 900,000 francs in a period of 100 years—that is: by the misery, sickness, and crime which this alcoholic and his offspring bring into the world.

The second of the two greatest afflictions, the corset, leaves equally grave and unfortunate results. In fact, the consequences which this unnatural lacing, pressing, and tightening up of one's body brings about are sometimes even more severe and more hurtful to humanity than the consequences of alcoholism. For woman is the mother of the race. And the frailness of woman is the ruin of the race. The victim of tight lacing and extremely close fitting corsets not only ruins

her own health but that of her future children as well. Any physician will testify to that.

In fact, many physicians are already apprehensive of the grave dangers to which the corset is leading and have been warning our women by word and pen. They have not been slow in pointing out that women are suffering from respiratory troubles more and more, and all on account of the corset.

They point out also that woman, in spite of the fact that she works less than man, is subjected to fewer hardships, leads a more sober and chaste life, uses far less alcoholic drinks—in spite of all these things, the modern woman is a weak, fragile creature, and is comparatively far weaker than man. She suffers more and more from intestinal troubles, is harder to please, is more nervous, and, finally, is becoming more and more unfit for motherhood, for the task of bearing and rearing children.

Yes, alcohol and the corset have combined and formed a conspiracy, as it were, to attack and weaken the human race.

From a purely esthetic point of view, the corset certainly does not add to the beauty of woman. On the contrary, it detracts from her beauty by detracting from her health. One of the greatest epochs in human history completely ignored the corset. Venus of Milo has a form which shows none of the effects of tight lacing that the body of

a modern corset wearer would show. The art of ancient Greece is still the model which we follow in judging all art. Yet the corset was unknown in those days.

What is to be done, then, to remedy these evils, to combat these afflictions? The answer is simple. The law must take a hand in it. Alcoholism is already being attacked from different directions. The corset must be next on the list for extermination. In some of the countries of Europe a beginning already has been made in that direction. The minister of education in Roumania has prohibited the wearing of corsets among schoolgirls because he does not consider it "an article of dress, but an obstacle to the normal development of the body and organs." Bulgaria has taken similar action. In Germany the corset must not be worn while the pupils are taking their lessons in gymnastics.

If the governments of all other countries would begin and keep up such a fight against alcoholism and the corset these afflictions soon would cease to ravage the human race.



Slav Is Coming Into His Kingdom.

By W. T. Stead



THE fate of empires is of comparatively small importance when compared with the destinies of races. The history of mankind is largely taken up with the ephemeral. The rise and fall of dynasties, the rearrangement of the political configuration of the map, these things are easy to discern, but the evolution of races goes on unheeded. And just now in Europe there is a striking illustration of this besetting sin of the historian.

The great fact which ought to command universal attention is overlooked. It is the coming of the Slav into his kingdom, a fact compared with which the fortunes of kings and emperors are as dust in the balance. The proposed annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina to the Austro-Hungarian empire is but one of the signs of the ripening of the Slavonic question, the gradual emergence of the Slavs from the position of subordination and political serfdom and their establishment as the predominant race in the heart of Europe.

Of all the great races of Europe the Slavs have received the few-

est favors from the fates. Providence has been to them a cruel step-mother.

From century to century they have been the prey of conquerors, European and Asiatic. When, as in Russia, they were able to assert their independence of Tartar and Turk, they could only do so by submitting to an autocrat whose yoke was seldom easy and whose burden was never light. But for this Cinderella of Europe the light is rising in the darkness and there are not lacking signs that in the future the despised kitchen maid may yet be the belle of the ball.

The factor that governs the ultimate issues of the clash of national forces is not the statecraft of sovereigns but the birth rate of their people. We see at a glance the future belongs to the Slavs. In the west population tends to a standstill. In France it is even beginning to decrease. But the Slavonic people continue to increase and multiply and replenish the earth. The overflow of the Slavonic cradle exceeds the overflow of the prolific German, the fecund Italian, the Hungarian, the British, and the French. It only needs a rule of three sum to demonstrate the inevitableness of Slav ascendancy in eastern and central Europe.

The Slavs alone of the eastern races truly can say that "Time is on our side." They can afford to wait. It is irritating no doubt that

the paw of the Austrian should dig its claws a little deeper into the Serbian provinces, but it is an inconvenience as passing as the measles or the whooping cough. The dominating fact is that all day and all night with the underlying regularity of the movements of the planets in their orbits the surging tide of Slavonic life rises higher and ever higher.

The women who fill the cradle are more potent in the end than all the warriors of all the kings. The scepter of empire lies hid in the teeming womb of the mother. But with patience and unity the triumph of the Slavs will be achieved without any shock of battle. It is enough to keep pouring out the new wine of lusty Slavonic life into the worn out bottles of the Austrian realm to secure the ultimate victory.

The day of cast iron empires is fast drawing to a close. The new century begins the era of decentralization and federation. In one form or another the whole east stretch of country from Petersburg to Prague and from Prague to Adrianople will be covered by a federation or federations of free, self-governing states as peaceful as the Swiss cantons, in which the Slavs, by the sheer force of numbers, will of necessity be in the ascendant.

Nor will it be surprising if the despairing effort of the German

to stem the tide of destiny in Posen should lead to the addition of the German Polish lands to the federation of the future.

If we had the tongues of men and of angels we would cry aloud in the ears of all the Slavonic people: "In unity is your strength. United you can conquer all your foes. Disunited you will remain the despised and impotent thralls of your neighbors. Peace! Peace among yourselves! Patience and Unity, by those watchwords you will conquer."

If these counsels prevail then the good seed which Catherine sowed in the dark days of storm and tempest may spring up and ripen for the glorious golden harvest. Then may be fulfilled her majestic vision of the advent of the mighty kingdom of Slavonia, which will represent more than the splendor of ancient Rome, than the vainly desired perfection of classic Hellas, than the would-be imperialism of ubiquitous England.

And the waning starlight of the west may be quenched, absorbed, extinguished by the undreamed of magnificence of the eastern dawn.



Why Americans Should Visit Europe.

By Ada May Krecker



AN American woman went abroad before she had seen Niagara falls. She never admitted this to the Europeans, but supplied them with magnificent descriptions of the American wonder as if she were familiar with its splendors. She felt as many Americans feel, that she must see her own country before interesting herself in the glories of other shores. She realized that there was much in her own land that rivaled the celebrated haunts of the globe trotters across the Atlantic. And she had heard that much surpassed them.

The Grand Cañon of Arizona she knew had no second, nor the Yellowstone park, nor Niagara falls. And the Hudson river vies with the Rhine and the Pennsylvania garden and mountain land matches the renowned Swiss scenery. And sunsets and sunrises off Lake Michigan compare delightfully with the age honored Neapolitan skies which travelers and poets would have us believe are without peer.

The Traverse bay country and the Green bay region, the Thousand Islands, up the St. Lawrence, around the Maine coast, the ranges of the far west, the coasts of the east, the rivers and the rich valleys, here and there and everywhere are superb masterpieces of nature which prove the native beauties of Jonathan's continent. Its beauty spots are embarrassingly numerous. There are too many of them to specify, too many to count, too many to know.

Perhaps there is not an American anywhere that is acquainted with them all. And certainly there is not a foreigner. That is the crux of the whole matter. Nobody knows about them. Among the animals, big and little, that lived here long ago there probably were many legends clustering around these handsome spots. And among the Indians there probably were all manner of stories to commemorate historic events and associations.

But for the white man these places are unknown and obscure. By dint of much searching he is only beginning to discover them. He has not many landmarks besides the California missions, the Plymouth rock, and Valley Forge. He has no history. He is making it. All his landmarks are prophecies and promises.

But meantime we must go abroad. A trip to Europe is not only to see mountains but to see famous mountains. It is to see valleys where battles have been fought. It is to see villages where artists and poets and other immortals have been born. It is to see their works. It is to walk the soil where heroes have trod. It is to visit the home of our ancestors. It is to look at our legacies. It is to review the past.

Artemus Ward said that when he was a little boy a man patted him on the head and said he had a great future before him. This vastly relieved his childish mind. For until that moment he had supposed his future was behind him. In Europe it is. Everything is ancient, aged, much of it decaying, dying. If we would see Europe at all we must see it soon. There is plenty of time to see America. It is only beginning to commence to think about being made.

But long Europe will be changed out of existence. While it remains let us get its blessings. Let us go and sit at the feet of its hoary wisdom. Let us profit by some of its experience. Let us contact the civilization it has evolved. Let us absorb some of its ripened life.

Prof. Nathaniel P. Shaler has pointed out the value of people of different ages to each other. The young profit by the old and the old by the young and the middle aged by the extremes. Nations are collective persons and they thrive by the same experiences. The effete east is invigorated by the ruddy west. And adolescent America is instructed by senile Europe. The older civilizations have mellowed, refined, grown tender, beautiful, gentle.

They have developed arts, letters, and learning. They have cultivated the accomplishments, the amusements, the pleasures, the graces. Life there is an art as well as a craft, a pastime as well as a workaday. This is what you feel when you go to Europe. You are in the presence of a venerable being. You feel respect, reverence, awe. You are a callow youth. You do homage to experience, wisdom, maturity.



How to "Break Off" Unwelcome Match.

By Helen Oldfield



IN this land of liberty and era of emancipation anybody who chooses may marry anybody else who also chooses, providing that the two who wed are of legal age, and that there is no lawful impediment, such as a living spouse who refused to be divorced. Neither can any other body, parent and guardian not excepted, forbid the banns. Young men and women, frequently much too young, are free—sometimes by far too free for their own good—to hew their own ends, rough or smooth as their fortune chances, without help or hindrance from more experienced axmen and better judges of matrimonial timber.

Under these conditions the mere seeking to prevent a marriage often is the most effective means to hasten the wedding. "The law of denial is among the great laws of life," and the axiom equally applies to apples and to amatory affairs. The daughters of Eve, the sons of Adam, have an inherent tendency to hanker after that which is forbidden, and when a man, especially, perceives that there are great and serious difficulties in the way of his getting a thing, whether it be fruit or woman, he forthwith covets that one thing and none other.

Also, it is part and parcel of the proverbial perversity of human nature that unqualified praise is less likely to interest one person in another than is unmitigated condemnation. Conscious imperfection is apt to resent the lauding of perfection in another, to refuse tribute to the prig who is set upon a pedestal for admiration. And since no human being either is wholly good or altogether bad, both virtues and vices, however insignificant, are magnified by the contrast of the exaggerated background, whether it be black or white.

Therefore when a match appears to be probable, and for valid reasons the friends of either party object, it is by far wiser and more diplomatic gently and sweetly to discourage it than to manifest strong disapproval, much less violently to oppose it. One safely may refuse seriously to accept it; may treat it as a matter of small importance; but to bluster and inveigh against it is much more likely to help than to hinder its speedy consummation.

Opposition almost invariably fans the flame of love; always it quickens that of desire, which is still more devouring and rapid in action.

Another great law of life and of nature is that the mild and persistent forces often are the strongest. He who "everlastingly keeps at it," though he be weak and small, often distances the giant who depends upon fitful bursts of energy. Continual dripping wears away the stone which is unshaken by the tempest. It is much easier to coax a stream into other channels than to build a dam across it, with

the rising waters fretting against the barrier, much less difficult to girdle a tree, as our pioneer forefathers did when they conquered the wilderness, than it is to fell it by strength of arm and ax; neither is the tree, exhausted by the struggle to heal the "ring," so certain to put up thrifty and healthy shoots from its roots.

Constant pressure weakens the strongest spring. It is easier, gently and insinuatingly, to come between two people than it is rudely to thrust them apart, and the little rift, though it be only a hair's breadth, shall widen until it becomes an impassable chasm. To "damn with faint praise" is more injurious as well as much more polite than open and unsparing abuse, also it is more courteous, and is not actionable for damages. The occasions upon which it pays to lose one's temper are extremely rare, although not wholly nonexistent, and opposition to a love affair is not among their number.

When all Angelina's family and friends combine in disparagement and condemnation of Edwin, her whole affectionate heart and romantic little head are filled with love and indignation. "Envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness" are arrayed against him; he has only her, shall she forsake him? Never! As for Edwin, is it not his bounden duty to defend the girl of his choice against all attacks of malice and dislike?

Hereditarily strong, there yet linger among us some remains of the chivalry which prompted the knights of yore to maintain at point

of spear, and risk of life, the surpassing beauty of some woman in whom other men saw neither comeliness nor grace.

Of all the weapons which disapproving kith and kin can employ against the ineligible "parti" there is none more powerful than that of ridicule. But this calls for infinite tact and discretion in its use, else it is likely to defeat its aim by enlisting sympathy for its subject. The ridicule which fails to make its object ridiculous is dangerously apt to be mistaken for persecution, and to call forth pity akin to love, instead of scorn. There must be no attack, nothing which even the victim can resent, only the clever "showing up" which steadily and gently impresses on both man and woman their total incompatibility.

Much also may be done by delays. The longer a marriage is put off the less likely is it to take place, and a pretext generally can be found for postponing a wedding. Indeed, all wise parents, whether willing or not, should insist upon an engagement sufficiently long to allow the two who contemplate matrimony to become well acquainted with each other. If this were done, the number of unhappy marriages would be lessened greatly and the chances of harmony in wedlock be increased.

